



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

strategy! An attempt is made to cross a river, and dead and wounded are heaped up in bloody, writhing piles and rows by the terrific rifle and rapid-gun fire. People seem to lose all heart and conscience when they read of these diabolical brutalities. Worse still, most persons enter much into the spirit of the participants, madly exulting if one side wins, raving or sullenly despairing if victory goes to the other.

It is sometimes said that battlefields are not the worst part of war. Certainly they are not the whole of it, for its spiritual corruptions as well as its material damages permeate to the farthest verge of society. But the battlefield is the sign and seal of all the rest. One may deny that the battlefield, taken in its entirety, is the worst thing on earth, but no supposed proof of the assertion is convincing against the intuitive perception of a pure and sincere spirit. A battle is the supreme denial of love, brotherhood, solidarity. It is the supreme assertion of self-confidence and self-will. It is the supreme contempt and rejection of others. It is the supreme exhibition of the elements of human discord and destructiveness. No motives, however lofty, which are supposed to justify war, can ever alter its nature, for these are not the elements in play during the combat.

The use of the horrors of the battlefield as an argument against war is not alone sentimental reasoning. The sentimental argument is strong enough. But the battlefield is very much more than the material horrors and bodily sufferings which constitute its exterior form. If its spiritual side could be portrayed, something infinitely sadder and more shocking would be seen. It is a "sad and terrible slaughter" of the humanities—of love, patience, tenderness of spirit, forgiveness, self-abnegation, self-control, truthfulness, purity of speech. The opposites of these come forth seeking whom they may devour. Of the proper relations of man to man the battlefield leaves nothing for the time being. Men are not only slain, blown or cut to pieces; they are captured and marched off as slaves temporarily. Home, wife, child—nothing is thought of them. Life, happiness, are held cheaper than shot and shell.

What is needed at a time like this of the Transvaal War is men and women who will dare to utter the covered thought of their heart about the iniquity of fighting. We are sure there are many who feel it as a ceaseless burden on their souls. Fear of suffering, of giving offense, of being misunderstood, cannot excuse one from making his protest against iniquity when it is being committed. Whichever of the two may be the more guilty and worthy of the severer condemnation, Briton and Boer are both wrong in turning themselves into butchers and seeking to settle the differences between them by mutual extermination. The same is true of men of whatever nation who in our time refuse the better way of peaceful settlement and return to the methods of the dog and the tiger.

Opposition in England to the South African War.

Notwithstanding England's great military outpouring and determined purpose to "see the thing through" in South Africa, apparently with the united support of the country, there are evidences of a deep and growing opposition to the war as "a bitter wrong and a gigantic blunder." Dr. Spence Watson, an able publicist in the north of England, is quoted as saying that where one man spoke out in opposition to the Crimean War, hundreds are openly declaring themselves opposed to the present one. A cultivated English lady, in a letter we have recently received, says: "Personally, I hear very little except voices condemning the war, but the papers are full of the war-spirit, bought over as they are by those whose interest it is to further their own aims at the expense of the nation."

A writer in the *Independent* (British), under date of December 28, says that the minority which opposes the war is not only strong intellectually, but that "it is growing in numbers every day." He then mentions a number of men, well known everywhere, as belonging to this minority. Among them are Mr. Morley, Mr. Courtney, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Dr. Clifford, Mr. Stead, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Massingham, Mr. Crook, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. Sylvester Horne and Mr. Silas Hocking. He might have added almost indefinitely to the list, using only the names of men prominent in public and private life. Mr. Massingham, whom he mentions, was the editor of the *Chronicle* and one of the most talented of British journalists. He stepped down and out, because he would not submit to "the will of his imperialist proprietors." Two of his co-laborers, Messrs. Harold Spender and Vaughan Nash, left the *Chronicle* with him. Mr. Crook was the editor of the *Echo*. He gave up his position rather than be the tool of the conscienceless counting-room.

The writer in the *Independent* cites an occurrence in St. James' Hall illustrating the strength of the opposition:

"Mr. Price Hughes had the bad taste to devote the afternoon of Peace Sunday to a violent speech in favor of the war, and he must not be surprised that his hearers, who have benefited by his teaching in an entirely opposite direction during many years, interrupted him with some very straight and embarrassing questions. Their behavior was, however, beyond criticism, and very different from the conduct of the Trafalgar Square mob, who were on Mr. Price Hughes' side, and who, having no better arguments, pelted white-haired advocates of peace with open penknives and rotten tomatoes. The firm but courteous protest at St. James's Hall on Sunday afternoon shows that a feeling is steadily growing among the

younger and more thoughtful Nonconformists that the war is a bitter wrong and a gigantic blunder."

Dr. Clifford, the president of the Baptist Union, is totally opposed to the war. He says: "I find a *loathing of the war everywhere*. It is a testimony to the imbecility of statesmen. When I think how the lust of gold has grown on us, and how the passion for territory has been fed, I am alarmed for my country." Mr. Silas Hocking's public protest against the war brought him "*an immense number of letters*" thanking him for his manly words. The bishop of London has written a letter to his clergy deploring the national pride and holding the clergy responsible for this temper manifested by the people, and exhorting them all to listen to the voice of God.

Because of the British disasters, a day of humiliation and prayer was proposed. In reference to this Rev. J. Hirst Hollowell wrote:

"By all means let us have days of prayer and humiliation, only let us pray and be humble for the right things. If a man or a bishop asks me to go to church to pray that more thousands of brave fellows—including, perhaps, my nearest and dearest—may be left in their blood by the Tugela, the Modder, or the Kei, I can do nothing of the kind. But if we are to pray for peace and goodwill, and not merely that we may 'see this thing through,' I shall be there. If we are to humble ourselves for the evil English of our despatches, for acceptances written to act as refusals, for speeches that could only wound and goad to anger, for delayed proposals and hastened troops, and, in short, for the whole machinery and apparatus of provocation set in motion against a small power with the population of Salford and Oldham, then we all ought to go. But to ask us to go to church and lament before God that more Dutch farmers have not been blown to pieces and more Boer families left broken-hearted is beyond the elasticity of conscience of the most ordinary man of the world. Negotiations conducted in the spirit of Gladstone, rather than nagging provocations and shufflings in the manner of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, would have saved our prestige, strengthened our empire, secured speedy justice for the white races, preserved our gallant soldiers alive, and offered to the world an example of courage superior even to the splendid daring of the field."

Opposition to the war may not grow to large enough proportions to force the government to stop it, though this is not so sure if a few more disasters befall. But its existence in the nation, among people whose ability, character and patriotism are of the highest, is a significant fact. It is the Gladstone spirit, deep-rooted and widespread among the people, contending for the true English life and character, the true English progress and glory, the true English greatness and honor. It is as brave as it is right. It dares to utter itself while the whole English army is in the field, when the government is quick to scent treason. It is not afraid to confess England's sin and shame when all Europe is full of dislike of her and desire for her humiliation. It is an extraordinary

exhibition of moral faithfulness and political courage. Whatever it may or may not accomplish just now, its existence in Parliament and among the people is an encouraging sign. It is the salt of the islands. It is the light of England's life. It is an assurance that false patriotism, greed and lust of dominion cannot carry the citadel of Britain's strength. When the present storm is over and the destructive elements have had their moment of ruinous pleasure, these men will bring England back to her moorings. There will be a great reaction against the avaricious, ambitious, supercilious jingoism and rough-shod imperialism which have brought the country into its present state of pride and reckless inhumanity, which none deplore so much as those who love and honor England most.

Editorial Notes.

Turncoat Peace Men.

Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, leader of the religious work in St. James' Hall, London, and editor of the *Methodist Times*, has been swept away from his peace anchorage by the tide of war sentiment in England. He was the last man in England that we supposed would abandon his former professions and work. We have heard him in St. James' Hall plead against "the crowning insanity of war" as almost no other preacher in England could do. For thirty years on platforms all over Great Britain he has been uttering such sentiments as these:

"All race-hatred is simply diabolical." "Any man who says that any other nation is the natural or necessary enemy of our own is a disciple of antichrist." "I blush to say that the protest against war to-day does not come from the Church but from the Socialists." "The kingdom which Christ came to establish was a kingdom of peace." "God has made of one blood every nation under heaven. If instead of spending our time, money and brains in misunderstanding and deceiving one another, in making one another miserable and in killing one another, we spent our time, money and brains in trying to make one another happy, what a delightful world this would become!" "Undoubtedly Count Tolstoy is perfectly right when he says that we cannot overcome evil by resisting it. As John Bright declared, 'Force is no remedy.' Love is the only remedy."

But now Mr. Hughes has abandoned all this. He has done "as much as any other man" to bring on the Transvaal War, and is one of the most rabid supporters of the British side of it. He has adopted the inane theory of a South African Dutch conspiracy to drive the British into the sea. He attempts on this ground, in an editorial of thirteen paragraphs in the *Methodist Times*, to justify Great Britain's course,—Chamberlain, Rhodes, Milner and all. No exaggeration of the Boer's faults can exceed his. His race-hatred of them is boiled down. He will not allow pleas for the Boers in his paper. The